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NO. 40

The Ducks.



NE little black duck,
 One little gray;
 Six little white ducks
 Running out to play;
 One white lady duck,
 Motherly and trim;
 Eight little baby ducks
 Bound for a swim.

One little white duck
 Running from the water,
 One very fat duck —
 Pretty little daughter,
 One very grave duck,
 Swimming off alone,
 One little white duck
 Standing on a stone.

One little white duck,
 Holding up its wings,
 One little bobbing duck,
 Making water rings;
 One little black duck,
 Turning round its head,
 One big black duck,
 See, he's gone to bed.

One little white duck
 Walking by its mother;
 Look among the water-reeds,
 Maybe there's another.
 Not another anywhere?
 Surely you are blind,
 Put away the grass, dear,
 Ducks are hard to find.

But I think my wee duck
 Is the nicest duck of all,
 He hasn't any feathers,
 And his mouth is sweet and small,
 He runs with a light step,
 And jumps upon my knee,
 And though he cannot swim,
 He is very dear to me.

As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things illustrate a person's character.

For the Myrtle.

Tate and Dill.



ILL was a little wee bit of a girl,
 but she needed a Christmas
 present as much as anybody, and
 Christmas had come and gone with-
 out the least symptom of a visit
 from Santa Claus. Tate was mad.
 He did not care about any present
 for himself, but when Dill was neg-
 lected he felt very much like striking somebody.

He hung up the little red stocking with his
 own hands; he crept out of his bed and ran
 softly across the floor in the moonlight, stuck a
 pin in the top of the stocking and jammed it into
 the wooden mantel, while everybody was asleep.
 The next morning it hung as limp as before, and
 did not contain even an apple.

Perhaps Aunt Christie's heart smote her when
 she saw the look in the boy's face as he took
 down the stocking, for she did not scold him for
 hanging it there, which was rather unusual for
 Aunt Christie, but the subject was not mentioned
 by anybody, and Tate was mad.

"I'll see about this business," said he, wrath-
 fully shaking his fist at the door as he stood in
 the little passage way. "Perhaps she," meaning
 Aunt Christie, "thinks she is going to treat my
 sister this way, but I rather guess she *won't*,"
 and he went stamping down the old stairs de-
 termined to report her to his friend and confident,
 the old apple-woman on the corner.

Now the truth was, Aunt Christie had not
 thought anything about it; she took pretty good
 care of her brother's orphan children, but she
 had to work in a factory herself, and could not

stop to fuss with presents. For her Christmas meant a holiday and nothing more, and she never thought of stockings at all, until she saw Dill's hung up, when she was getting breakfast.

"Bless your heart, child, it is too bad," said the cheery old apple woman. "And what do ye think ye'll do about it," she asked, rubbing up an apple for our young hero.

"I don't see anything that I can do. I would buy her a present myself if I had any money," and he blew on his cold fingers and danced on his chilly feet.

"Well, honey, see what a nice plan I have for you now. I will lend you a basket and you shall take a dozen of my best apples to sell for me, and I will pay you fifteen cents for selling them."

"O gracious! you are awful splendid," exclaimed Tate, and ten minutes later he was walking down the street with a big basket on his arm, crying, "Apples, apples, four cents each!"

For a time it seemed as if no one was ever going to buy, but at last a fat man took two, a little girl one, a fierce looking policeman one, and so on, until at noon they were all sold, and Tate returned to the old lady with a light basket and a heavy pocket.

"Well done, sonny!" said she, and promised him a dozen more to sell in the afternoon if he wanted them.

He did want them, and it was easy work, for a lady bought half of them all at once, and when he returned to the apple-woman she presented him with three large apples for Dill.

It was a very happy little boy who went into a toy-shop and bought a doll for Dill that evening, and it was a happy Dill who found it in her stocking the next morning. It was a surprised little boy who found his own stocking hung up with a pair of blue mittens in it, and Aunt Christie went to her work with a lighter heart than usual, for she had spent her Christmas holiday knitting them for Tate, and the kindness made her feel inwardly very comfortable. She also bought Dill the tin whistle which was found hung around the doll's neck by a bright green ribbon.

Tate was so delighted that he minded every word Aunt Christie said for a whole fortnight.

Eva B. Miller.

REMEMBER, little ones, you will never have but one mother. Obey and honor her; listen to her words, and God will bless you day by day.

Three Little Nest Birds.

We meant to be very kind;
But if ever we find

Another soft, gray-green, moss-coated feather-lined nest in a hedge,

We have taken a pledge —

Susan, Jemmy, and I — with remorseful tears, at this very minute,

That if there are any eggs or little birds in it,

Robin or wren, thrush, chaffinch, or linnet,

We'll leave them there,

To their mother's care.

There were three of us — Kate and Susan and Jem —

And three of them —

I don't know their names, for they couldn't speak,

Except with a little imperative squeak,

Exactly like Poll,

Susan's squeaking doll.

But squeaking dolls will lie on the shelves

For years, and never squeak of themselves.

The reason we like little birds so much better than toys,

Is because they are really alive, and know how to make a noise.

There were three of us, and three of them;

Kate — that is I — and Susan and Jem,

Our mother was busy making a pie,

And theirs, we think, was up in the sky,

But for all Susan, Jemmy, or I can tell,

She may have been getting their dinner as well.

They were left to themselves (and so were we)

In a nest in the hedge by the willow tree.

And when we caught sight of the three red little

Fluff-tufted, hazel-eyed, open-mouthed,

Pink-throated heads, we all shouted for glee.

The way we really did wrong was this:

We took them for mother to kiss,

And she told us to put them back,

While out on the weeping-willow their mother was crying,

"Alack!"

We really heard

Both their mother told us to do and the voice of the mother bird.

But we three — that is, Susan and I and Jem —

Thought we knew better than either of them;

And in spite of our mother's command and the poor bird's cry,

We determined to bring up her three little nestlings, ourselves, on the sly.

We each took one,

It did seem excellent fun!

Susan fed hers on milk and bread;

Jem got wriggling worms for his instead.

I gave mine meat,

For, you know, I thought, "Poor darling pet! why shouldn't it have roast beef to eat?"

But, oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! How we cried

When, in spite of milk and bread and worms and roast beef, the little birds died!

It's a terrible thing to have heart-ache.

I thought mine would break

As I heard the mother-bird's moan,

And looked at the gray-green, moss-coated, feather-lined nest she had taken such pains to make,

And her three little children dead and cold as a stone.

Mother said, and it's sadly true,

"There are some wrong things one can never undo."

And nothing we could do or say

Would bring life back to the birds that day.

The bitterest tears that we could weep
Woudn't waken them out of their stiff, cold sleep.

But then,

We—Susan and Jem and I—mean never to be so selfish and
wilful and cruel again,

And we three have buried that other three

In a soft, green, moss-covered, flower-lined grave at the foot of
the willow-tree.

And all the leaves which its branches shed

We think are tears because they are dead.

Harper's Bazaar.

A Story with a Moral.

One Saturday afternoon my father and mother had gone to covenant meeting in our country church, and Cornelia Hildreth was visiting me, much to my delight. While showing her some of my treasures, I opened a bureau drawer in which, among the clothes carefully stowed away, were a few large apples, the first fruit of the trees.

"Do give me one," said Cornelia.

"Oh, they are ma's; I can't," was the reply,

"If you'll just give me one, I'll give you a roll of calicoes," said she.

This temptation was too great for my seven-year-old integrity, for I was making a patchwork quilt so as to have it ready when I should get married.

"Wont you never tell?" I asked, as the apple was brought from its hiding place.

"Never, while I live, and breathe, and draw the breath of life," was her solemn promise.

I crowded the apple into her pocket, covered it up with her apron, and we hurried out of the house.

After she had gone home, my elder sister said to me, "You have been stealing an apple, have you? I was in the bed-room, and saw the whole performance. I'll tell ma when she comes home, and you'll catch it."

I believe now that I never felt worse than at that moment. I had not before thought it was *real stealing*, though I knew very well I ought not to have taken the apple without asking her. I begged my sister not to tell my mother. I would give her every one of my playthings if she wouldn't. But she was firm. Then I wished ma would come home and give me a whipping, and have my trouble ended. At last, when I had cried myself almost sick, my mother returned. As soon as she entered the house, my sister told of my guilt. I was standing near the door, anxious to hear the worst.

My mother looked at me and said not a word, nor did she ever mention it a'terward.

She read my heart aright—I had suffered enough.

I never received the "roll of calicoes," the promise of which cost me most dearly. The quilt, however, was completed, and now covers my oldest boy.

The incident taught me three lessons; I never again took what was not my own; I do not trust people who tempt me to do what my conscience does not approve; and lastly, I try to discern when my children are sufficiently punished for faults.

Velvet Tongues.

When I was a boy, a number of my playmates and I had rambled through the woods and fields, till, quite forgetful of the fading night, we found ourselves far from home; we had lost our way. It happened that we were nearer our home than we thought, but how to get to it was the question.

By the edge of the field we saw a man coming along, and we ran to ask him to tell us. Whether he was in trouble or not I do not know, but he gave us some very surly answer. Just then there came along another man, who, with a smile on his face, said, "Jim, a man's tongue is like a cat's; it is either a piece of velvet or a piece of sand-paper, just as he likes to use it and to make it; you always seem to use your tongue for sand-paper," and then he pleasantly told us the way home. Try the velvet, children.—*S. S. Visitor.*

Johnnie's Master.

"Johnnie," said a man, winking slyly to a clerk of his acquaintance in a dry goods store, "you must give me extra measure. Your master is not in."

Johnnie looked up in the man's face very seriously, and said,

"My Master is always in."

Johnnie's Master was the all-seeing God. Let us all, when we are tempted to do wrong, adopt Johnnie's motto: "My Master is always in." It will save us from many a sin, and so from much sorrow.

A TEACHER who is attempting to teach, without inspiring the pupil with a desire to learn, is hammering on cold iron.—*Horace Mann.*



For the Myrtle.

Young America.

I am afraid. Oh, Robby dear,
The hill is very steep."
"Fie, fie, — for shame. Why, this is fun,
I would not wish to creep.

"'Tis just this way, adown life's steep,
Our own papas do coast.
And never fear the ditches deep,
But only laugh and boast."

E. M. B.

THE Sabbath is the golden clasp which binds
together the volume of the week.

Mary's Prayer.

This is the way some-
body writes little Mary's
Prayer : —

"Dear God, bless my
two little eyes, and
make them twinkle
happy. Bless my two
ears, and help them
hear my mother call
me. Bless my two lips,
and make them speak
kind and true. Bless
my two hands, and
make them good and
not touch what they
mustn't. Bless my two
feet, and make them go
where they ought to.
Bless my heart, and
make it love you, and
my mother and father,
and little brother, and
everybody. Please let
ugly sin never get hold
of me — never, never.
Amen." — *The Day-
spring.*

— o o o —

A Good Example.

A rural village in
Texas, which sustains a
Sunday School, and has
irregular preaching by
itinerant ministers of
various denominations,
holds a Sunday School
mass meeting at the
usual hour of preaching,
whenever these minis-

ters are unable to favor them with their pres-
ence. At these services the children lead or
take part in the songs of praise and in the read-
ings of Scripture, and addresses are made by
some of the best informed teachers. The plan
works well, and the meetings prove profitable
and interesting. It is to be wished that other
similar communities could enjoy similar religious
privileges.

SPEAK gently, little folks, for a kind *no* is often
more agreeable than a rough *yes*.

For the Myrtle.

Be Gentle.

"No, you shall not go. I'll hold you so tightly that you cannot get away from me."

Poor little Prince felt the chubby arms draw closer and closer round his neck as Mabel said these words, and it really seemed to him that he was quite likely to go, very soon, somewhere out of his body, if Mabel held on to him in this way.

He made a smothered noise, half bark, half cry, as if he were trying to say, "Oh, please don't squeeze me quite so hard."

Mabel's auntie peeped at this moment through the bushes, and said,

"Why Mabel, what are you doing? You will choke poor Prince to death if you hold him in that way."

"Well, I must hold him, auntie," says Mabel. "He is trying to run after the carriage, and I can't have him do that."

"But, my dear, there are gentler ways of letting him know that you do not wish him to follow the carriage, than the way you are taking."

"He wouldn't mind me, aunty. I tried to have him mind without choking, but really he wouldn't."

"Let him go, and we will see what can be done," said Aunt Mary.

Mabel slowly loosened her hold on the dog's neck, and he sprang out from her arms, and was in the act of bounding away down the garden walk, when Aunt Mary said, in a firm voice,

"Prince, come here to me." The dog stopped and looked at her. "Come," she repeated firmly.

Mabel stood looking eagerly to see what the result would be. She was half inclined to wish



that the dog would disobey, as she had said that he would run if he was let loose from her arms.

But Prince knew very well that he had found his master. He dropped his tail between his legs, and his face put on a very submissive look as he walked slowly toward where Aunt Mary was standing.

When he came near enough for her to lay her hand on his head, she patted him caressingly, and bending over him whispered to him so softly that Mabel could not hear what she said.

Mabel laughed at this, and said,

"Why auntie, how curious that looks to whisper to a dog in that way."

"It may look very curious," said Aunt Mary, "but there is a reason in it notwithstanding."

"What can be the reason?" Mabel asked.

"I whisper to make him understand me better."

"How, auntie? I can see no reason why a dog should understand a whisper better than if you spoke to him aloud."

"Why, dogs are very much like children in this respect. They grow confused when you scream at them, and don't know which way to turn. They do not mind you, and you grow angry with them, when really they are not wilfully disobedient."

"Why, that is very curious, auntie. How did you learn it?"

"I learned it by experience. I have always noticed that child or animal are much more easily managed, when the person dealing with them is calm and unruffled in manner and voice. It is a lesson for you to learn, Mabel, and one that you will very much need in this world, that no one can control others until they have thoroughly controlled themselves."

"I will try to learn it," said Mabel, "for it seems a lesson well worth knowing."

E. M. B.

Polly's Reproach.

An English lady tells this funny story about a pet parrot of hers, and we copy it to please the little ones:

"My parrot was bought as a present to me some years ago. I don't quite know how old he is. You know parrots live sometimes to be very old—they have been known to live for a hundred years; if my Polly lives to be so old as that, he may belong perhaps to my great-grandchildren, who knows? I am sure you would admire him very much; his wings are gray and his breast is bright red, and he has a beautiful long tail. He is very amusing and is always making us laugh. All my little nieces and nephews are so fond of him, and feed him every day; he copies everything we say, and when we laugh he joins in heartily, which amuses us very much; it seems so absurd to hear a parrot laugh just like we do.

"When he first came to live with us he had been brought from a long way off across the sea, and having been for some weeks on board ship, he had learned to imitate all the sailors said, and to use some very naughty words; so much so, that after the first week of his arrival I was obliged to have him taken away from the dining-room until he should have learnt better manners. I put him under the care of Cook, who

declared that she had a little plan whereby she would undertake to cure Master Poll of saying words that were used on board ship by rude, rough sailors.

"Now what do you think she meant to do? I will tell you. She carried him, cage and all, down into the kitchen, and there he remained until he was cured. And this was Cook's little plan. Every time Polly began to talk and say amusing little things he had learned with us, or before he was put on board ship, nothing was done to him, but directly he said what was not pretty, Cook took some water in her hand, and throwing it over him in his cage, she said, 'That's for saying naughty words!' At first Mr. Poll did not like this at all, and he ruffled up his feathers and talked all the more; but after it was repeated several times he seemed to understand it was meant as a correction, for he became very quiet, and after a week or two we began to think he might come again to the dining-room.

"But now I am coming to the most amusing part of my story. One day it was warm and sunny, and I thought Polly should be hung out in his cage at the back of the house, where he could feel the warm sun and chatter and talk to his heart's content. Now it happened that the only place for him to be put was a little way above a cistern full of water, so they hung up the cage and left him there. I was sitting, working at a window close by, also enjoying the sun and fresh morning air, and not thinking at all about Polly, when I looked up and saw our neighbor's great tom cat come creeping stealthily along the wall, looking earnestly at the cage hanging over the cistern.

"I had no fear for my parrot, however, for I knew he was hung high, and was quite safe from pussy's claws; so I went on with my work as before, when suddenly I heard a loud splash and then a mew, and almost immediately a queer, sharp little voice (which I knew to be Polly's) called out, 'That's for saying naughty words!'

"I looked from my window, and then I saw poor puss struggling in the water, and Polly looking as wise as could be with his head on one side. I could not help laughing in spite of poor pussy's troubles, who no doubt had fallen into the cistern while trying to reach the cage; but I soon rescued him from his dangerous bath."

Children's Prize.



Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

— A letter from the Lowell Second Parish says: "Joel Knapp, Esq., our member from Ward IV of the Legislative of 1875, is the Superintendent elect of the Sunday School, with Harlow P. Goodell as Assistant, Charles Taylor as Secretary, W. F. Libby as Treasurer, and Fred Barber as Librarian. We don't get into print very often, but we are alive for all that."

— On the evening of Sunday, the 27th ult, a monthly concert was held in the West Amesbury church. It proved to be a most interesting affair, the church was well filled by an appreciative audience.

— At the last anniversary of the Sunday School at Chelsea they presented this fine record. At the beginning of the year three hundred and sixty-nine pupils, at the close four hundred and forty-two. Average attendance four hundred and sixteen. The library numbers fourteen hundred volumes. It is said that "the pastor of the Chelsea Church, Rev. A. J. Canfield is fortunate in having large Sunday Schools. When in Williamsburg, N. Y., he had what was then known as the Banner school of that State, a school which is still glorious in number and spirit.

Items of this character, giving the status of our Sunday Schools, are very much desired for this column of the MYRTLE. Will not the Superintendent or some member of each school send us a statement of their present numbers, their average attendance, and last year's average.

NEW YORK.

— We welcome the intelligence which we get from Buffalo, that Rev. L. J. Fletcher is now using his leisure hours in revising and putting in order for publication his numerous productions for Sunday School Concerts and Exhibitions. This work will be welcomed by all of our churches. Our Sunday Schools are calling continually for this help, and whoever will give it will receive their blessing. From no hand should we take it with greater expectation of excellence.

CONNECTICUT.

— The Young People's Social connected with the Sunday School in Pawtucket is giving a very profitable series of entertainments consisting of Lectures, Reading, Music, and so forth. A former superintendent writes us: "We attended the entertainment Jan. 18th, which consisted of reading and singing by Carrie and Julia Peck, under the management of Miss Annie Dexter. We enjoyed a rich feast, and our gratification was much enhanced as we noticed the large and appreciative audience; for having been connected with the school in former years, and remembering its constant manifestations of kindness, we cannot rid ourselves of a deep and abiding interest in its welfare. May God bless the Pawtucket school, the dear old church, and its noble society!"

— At New Britain, on Christmas evening, the children and other members of the Sunday School were made happy by a pleasant social gathering and Christmas Tree, whose fruit, in accordance with the spirit of Universalism, was for all, each person present receiving something from its laden boughs.

— The Hartford society have, for many years given a Festival to the Sunday School. This year it was given on New Year's night in Music Hall. Some three hundred children were present and a large number of the members of the parish. It was a very pleasant entertainment, and passed off to the satisfaction of all.

OHIO.

— At Harrison, the children of the Sunday School are raising a fund to help in building a new church. This is a happy thought. The church will be builded for the use of the children as much as for that of the older people, and the idea is excellent of their helping to build it. Would that all children were taught to give money for their spiritual growth.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

— We are glad to hear again from the Sunday School in Washington. The future of our church there, for which we all so devoutly pray, depends upon its being able to continue reports such as this: "I last Sunday attended the Universalist services in this city and had the pleasure of listening to a very able sermon by the Rev. Mr. Fay. The Sunday School connected with this church is in a very flourishing condition, under the superintendence of Mr. White, correspondent for the New York Tribune."

IOWA.

— We publish this item, which we copy from the Dubuque Daily Herald, at this late date, in order that we may ask a favor. This social drama was written for the occasion by the pastor, Rev. A. Countryman. Will he not send it to the MYRTLE that other schools may have the benefit of it? This request we make of all schools. Whenever an original drama is successful with you, send it to us for publication, that the joy of it may be shared. "On Sunday evening, following Christmas, the Sunday School gave an impromptu entertainment to a full house, the chief feature of which was the rendering of a social drama, entitled "Christmas Voices," consisting of seven parts and fifteen characters, written by the pastor. First, the suppliant bewailing the ills of life and wondering if the world is governed by an unfeeling fate; then the prophet who rehearsed the divine promises and the events that declared a Saviour and redemption. These were followed by the herald who made the annunciation, to which a response of the angel chorus was given. Then came the seeker, who, having heard the strange voices, wondered over the meaning they conveyed. But in her wonder, nine witnesses entered, each having a badge upon the breast with a monogram attached, and altogether forming an acrostic of the word Christmas while each letter representing some element in Christ's character or mission was rehearsed by the several witnesses in their order. Lastly a young lady appeared representing Christianity, reciting briefly the events of Christ after the advent, and how his spirit was permeating all institutions even to the promise of the highest destiny for man, and to the consequent glory of Christ and of God. We need not say that each part from first to last was well sustained, while several of the speakers acquitted themselves with rare merit. This church and people have always given enjoyable entertainments, and this last was by no means an exception to the good things with which they have gratified and instructed the public.

He Careth.

Something round which it may twine,
God gives every little vine.
Some still nook or sunny bower,
God gives every flower.
Some green bough or mossy sward,
God gives every little bird.
Night and day, at home, abroad,
Little ones are safe with God.



Doing for Others.

MATT. vii. 12.

The lessons which we have given you on doing, have all been about doing for yourselves. To-day we are to talk with you about doing for others.

We are surrounded by many people. No one of us can, if we would, live wholly to ourselves. The people under the same roof with us demand much of our time and care. Who of us feel that we are doing our full duty by those nearest us? Our father, our mother, our brother, our sister, are we doing all that we can do to make their lives happy and good? Think how many opportunities God gives us of blessing those who are under the same roof with us. We are constantly adding to, or taking from, their happiness.

Did any of you, dear children, rise this morning with an irritable feeling, which you carried with you down to the breakfast table and spread over all the family gathered there? Were your words few and pettish, your actions violent, disagreeable, your faae so sullen and sour that it was a source of unhappiness to every one who looked on it?

Remember what Sydney Smith said of these discontented faces. "A sour face," he said, "is a breach of the peace." Try and think whether any of you have broken the peace to-day in this way. If you have not, think what other ways you have had in the household that have not been as good and agreeable as they ought to have been.

What did you reply to your mother this morning when she asked you to stay in from your play for an hour to assist her in taking care of the baby? Did you say cheerfully, "Yes, mother, I will be very glad to help you about daby while you are getting the morning work started. I know I shall be much happier to do this than if I spend all my morning in play." Or did you say, with a snappish feverishness, or a whining unwillingness, in your voice, "I want to go and play, mother, and I don't always want that baby hanging to me."

Which did you answer when your father said, "My son, I would like to have you run on an errand for me this morning before you go to school," "I will go with pleasure, father," or, "I shall have no time to play ball if I go the errand. Can't you wait until I come home from school at night?"

Some of these boys who are reading these words, were of the first class of willing boys, and some were of the other, the unwilling and disagreeable boys. Stop and ask yourself to which of these classes you belong.

Looking down on a group of children passing my window this morning on their way to school, I heard one little boy say to his brother,

"Here, Will, you carry my books to the schoolhouse. I want to stop and play leap-frog with these boys."

"I don't want to carry the books," says Will. "I want to stay for the leap-frog too."

"Oh, go along with the books," says the older and strounger brother. "You are not big enough to play leap-frog with these boys."

"But I could stay and see the others play, if I hadn't those heavy books to hold."

"Well, you're not going to stay, and there is the end of it, so you may as well take the books and move on."

"I don't want to," Will says, and he begins to cry.

John bristles up, and looking as savage as possible, walks toward Will holding out the books

"Here, stop your crying and take these books straight to the schoolhouse. If you don't, I'll give you such a thrashing as you haven't had in many a day."

Will takes the books, and goes sobbing on toward the schoolhouse, while John stays and enters into the play with all his energy.

How many of you think that John would like to stand up before the school to-day and repeat these words of our Saviour, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

And have you, during the week that is past, done by your little brother and sister in every deed just what you would like to have them do by you?

Enigma No. 4.

I am composed of thirteen letters.

My 1, 12, 9, 11, is a delighttful thing in summer.

My 13, 2, 11, 5, is a very useful article.

My 8, 10, 2, 8, 9, is a vehicle.

My 6, 12, 3, 11, is part of the finger.

My 5, 7, 4, is a metal.

My whole is a welcome visitor who comes but once a year.

Dayspring.

Drop Letter Puzzle.

Every other letter is omitted.

A r d n m n o e e t t e v l n h d t h m e f ; u t e i p e a s n , n a l u i h d .

A proverb.

Arthur E. Dyer.

Puzzles.

Find five words, each containing the same letters, meaning

Vessels to hold liquids.

A piece of timber.

To corrupt.

To pause.

Toys.

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